

## Too Young To Fall In Love by missroserose

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**Summary:**

*He knows it's a bad idea, but it's not his brain calling the shots right now—it's the alcohol, the music, the bump of cocaine he'd snorted off of Lana Franklin's Playboy-bunny-costumed tits earlier fizzing beneath his skin. It's the heat of desire, of the dance floor, of Steve's flushed skin beneath him. It's the existence of this moment, the few moments like it that Billy lives for—pure and unrestrained and here, when he can let go. When he denies himself nothing.*

*And the only thing better than King Steve, Dethroned is King Steve, Impaled, writhing so beautifully around him.*

## 1. not yet a man, just a punk in the street

The pulse of the music booms through the flimsy bathroom door, Billy's hips snapping almost in time to the beat. Mötley Crüe is, like, *barely* metal but he'll take it—if a lame-ass Halloween party is what it takes to get these prissy Indiana kids to loosen up a bit, to break out their *real* selves, well. He'll enjoy every moment of it he can.

Just as he's enjoying burying his cock deep inside the former Keg King of Hawkins. Tangling his fingers in that ridiculous hair. Watching that pretty-pretty face do a pleasure-pain twist in the mirror as Billy drives into him from behind. The fire it lights in his gut is almost enough to make him forget, for a moment, that they're in some Midwest suburban hellhole, fucking with some girly-ass lotion from the countertop in place of lube.

This is a bad idea, of course. He should know better than to mess around with straight boys, especially the ones at the top of the totem pole. The ones who've known everyone for their whole lives, who could destroy Billy and his aspirations with a few well-placed words.

He knows it's a bad idea, but it's not his brain calling the shots right now—it's the alcohol, the music, the bump of cocaine he'd snorted off of Lana Franklin's Playboy-bunny-costumed tits earlier fizzing beneath his skin. It's the heat of desire, of the dance floor, of Steve's flushed skin beneath him. It's the existence of this moment, the few moments like it that Billy lives for—pure and unrestrained and *here*, when he can let go. When he denies himself nothing.

And the only thing better than King Steve, Dethroned is King Steve, Impaled, writhing so beautifully around him.

"Fuck yeah, Harrington," Billy croons in his ear, voice all honey-coated condescension. The *everything* of the moment fills him, overfills, presses outward; he wonders, for a moment, if it's possible to burst from sheer unadulterated *yes, fuck yes*. "Didn't think any of you Indiana boys were this brave."

Steve's eyes meet his in the mirror, and he flashes that smile—pearly white teeth, rapacious underpinnings, the lightning rod to Billy's

manic energy. It's enough to make Billy suck in a breath—enough, for a moment, to make him contemplate an impossible future, one where Hawkins has two kings. “There’s a lot you don’t know about Indiana, Hargrove.”

The words stoke the fire beneath Billy’s skin, makes him drive forward harder, dried beer from his clothes and cloying roses from the lotion mingling in heady-sweetness. He can feel something bubbling up in his chest—something eager, wanting—opens his mouth—then the thump of the music is momentarily obscured by a louder and more immediate thumping against the bathroom door.

“Fuck off!” His roar is loud enough to be startling in the small space; he sees Harrington wince slightly, and without thinking he’s tightening his fingers in his hair, dragging him upright. A murmur in his ear, arsenic lacing the honey: “What’s there to learn about, huh? Cow shit? Awful music? Stuck-up bitches?” Another thrust, hard, as if reminding Harrington who’s in control here.

But Steve’s smile only widens as their eyes meet in the mirror. “Are you testing me?”

Billy lets go of that ridiculous hair, slips his hand down King Steve’s pants—and fuck, he might be straight but he’s getting off on this, all right. “Pretty sure I’m fucking you,” he says, closing a hand around Steve’s girth, watching as his lips part in the mirror.

“Then do it right,” Harrington says, but there’s a raw edge in his voice that betrays him, a ragged finish that has Billy adjusting his angle, gripping Steve’s hip with one hand and his cock with the other, slamming in until he can feel Steve tensing around him—sinking his teeth into the meaty muscle where Steve’s neck meets his shoulder, and Steve’s making breathy little cries with each thrust—

—breathy little cries that are fucking going *straight to Billy’s cock*—

By the time Billy thinks to break out the multiplication tables, it’s too late. He’s well and truly past the point of no return, and his only consolation is Steve’s eyes are rolling up, his cock giving a kick in Billy’s palm as he gasps, as Billy’s fingers are covered in hot slick—just as he loses the last of his own grip, body tumbling forward and

emptying itself into Steve.

“Fuck yes,” Billy hisses, giving Steve’s cock a couple slow pulls, wet and messy, just to feel him tremble with the stimulation. Just to watch him bare his teeth again in the mirror. “There’s King Steve.”

“Pretty sure you’re the new king now,” Steve says as he wrenches away from Billy, and the mixture of heated challenge and fucked-out slur in his voice is almost enough to have Billy ready to go again. A beat, as Steve pulls up his pants, ruffles Billy’s hair where a crown might sit. “Mazel tov.”

Billy takes his time doing up his own, leans back against the towel rack. Watches as Steve turns back to the mirror, finger-combs his hair into place. Lets the warmth of the orgasm and the gratification of having fucked the *King of Hawkins* soak through his body for a moment before he smiles. “We should do this again sometime.”

Steve’s eyes flick up to meet his in the mirror once more. “Haven’t you learned that about Indiana yet?” He turns, face deadly serious. “*Nothing ever happens.*”

And that...stings. It shouldn’t. Billy knows the score, especially with closet cases in small towns. He holds up his hands. “Never happened. Whatever.” Watches, as Steve nods, leaves. Gives it a moment, for the sake of prudish Midwestern sensibilities, before he slips out of the bathroom, too. He scans the crowd, looking for that ridiculous hair, but gives it up as a bad job; even if Harrington’s stuck around, he’s not going to want Billy lurking nearby. Not tonight.

But Billy knows how this game works. He saw that bitch storm out on Harrington earlier. He can wait. Study his prey. Learn how things work in this shithole of a town.

He’s got time.

## 2. really think you're fooling me

### Summary for the Chapter:

*The next time they fuck, they're still wearing bruises from each other's fists.*

### Notes for the Chapter:

the existence of this follow-up is due entirely to the amazing enthusiasm of the people who commented and left tags, both here and on tumblr. apparently we're all thirsty for some good good Steve-and-Billy hatefucking in this chili's tonight.

this one's slightly darker. check the tags. keep yourself safe.

(thanks to neonelectriclady for a quick beta and some excellent suggestions!)

The next time they fuck, they're still wearing bruises from each other's fists.

It's another bathroom. Another kegger. Another drunken rager, like someone in their class throws every goddamn month. Another opportunity to get wasted, dance, hook up, pass out in your own vomit. It's the Scorpions playing instead of Mötley Crüe, and Billy's at least got lube on him so there's no sickly-sweet aroma (Steve's briefs still smell like tea roses and drying spunk, balled up and shoved under the bed), but everything else might as well be two weeks ago. He's bent over the counter, braced on his palms, pants barely pulled down to his knees. And Billy's once more behind him, filling him, filth dribbling out of his mouth in a constant flow.

Steve is getting too old for these. Already feels too old for these. But there's nothing else to do in Indiana in the winter, so he'll take it. Anything to keep from having to think.

Because that's the one thing Billy's cock is truly good for. When Billy

fucks him, he just—disappears. Better than booze. Better than drugs. Better even than three of his fingers, slick with lube and jammed up his ass while he imagines Billy's hands on him, hating himself for it all the while—

“Goddamn, princess, you look so fuckin’ good with your face all decorated like that.” Billy’s fingers brush the fading jaundice-yellow patch on Steve’s cheekbone, and Steve hears him chuckle deep in his throat. “Who was the designer? I think I’ve gotta send ‘em a thank-you card.”

Or maybe it’s not Billy’s cock at all. Maybe it’s that voice, trickling lighter fluid down his spine, dizzying fumes rising, saturating his hips, his gut.

He snaps his hips back against Billy’s, glares at him in the mirror. “You here to fuck me? Or are we just playing around?”

“Like you don’t get off on it.” Billy’s fingers curl around the jut of his hipbones, pull Steve even closer in, grinding sweat-slick skin together. Pushing himself *deeper*, somehow, like he could press all the way in, like he could fill the void that’s been swallowing Steve’s insides a little more each day. “Or is it the bruises you like? They make a nice change from seeing that Hollywood face in the mirror every day?”

“God, you’re a chatty fuck. This how you talk girls into dropping their panties for you?” Thrust, parry, taunt. It’s a good rhythm they’ve found. Billy pressing, wanting, needing, even buried to the hilt in Steve’s body. Steve dancing out of the way, almost too easily. Secure in his position in a way Billy will never be, centered enough to make Billy sweat with his footwork. “It’s a wonder Max was the first to hit you back—”

It *was* a good rhythm. Even Steve has figured out that there are buttons that shouldn’t be pushed, when it comes to Billy Hargrove. He’s barely finished the taunt before Billy’s got a hand on his shoulder, is pulling him up and back, his back flush against Billy’s chest, heat radiating even between their layers of clothing. “That reminds me, pretty boy,” he growls into Steve’s ear, snapping his hips in hard enough to make Steve wince a little, “You never told me what

the fuck was going on that night.” Out comes the tongue, licking a stripe in the sweat off Steve’s neck, curling behind his ear, and Steve screws his eyes shut, doesn’t think about how that makes something surge, coiling deep in his hips. “What the hell could have you playing clubhouse with four kids past midnight?”

And here it is, really. The flick of a lighter. The weight of a bat, heavy in his hands. The edge of a hole, dark and deep and filled with air that smells *wrong*. That shock of adrenaline, that hindbrain-scream of *dangerdangerdanger*, the knowledge that he has a choice, that this can go two ways, all depending on what he does next.

Except, of course, there’s only ever really one way.

He opens his eyes, meets Billy’s in the mirror. Smiles.

“Dunno, man. Must’ve been the same thing that gave you those bruises around your neck. ‘Cause that sure as hell wasn’t me.”

The lighter flicks. The bat swings. Air whistles against Steve’s face as he jumps. As he dives, eyes open to meet the fate in front of him—to catch every tiny nuance of Billy’s expression as it shifts—

Then fingers are around his neck, cutting off his air. Are tight on his hip, bringing up berry-sized bruises beneath the skin. Billy’s thrusting, furious and hard, but it’s at a remove, somehow; secondary to the fire that’s roaring up through his body, the concentrated fumes of days of nightmares and hours of fingering himself and minutes of Billy fucking him—all expanding, heating, filling him to *bursting*—the fury in Billy’s eyes, the growing emptiness in Steve’s chest, the clawing need for oxygen in his lungs all adding fuel to the fire, until he’s reaching down in desperation to take hold of himself, because he’s going to burst, the fire’s going to consume him from the inside out, leave him nothing but a pile of ash and charred bone and hair and he’s going to be thankful—

He can’t cry out, when he comes. Can’t moan as the sensation overwhelms him, as his whole body jerks, as he shoots hard enough to hit the mirror. Can’t whine as Billy keeps pounding into his oversensitive body, keeps him pinned against the countertop as he writhes, as he grips his still-hard cock with enough force to hurt.

Can't answer back when Billy growls, just loud enough to be heard over the rushing in his ears—"gonna decorate that pretty face of yours again, princess, and you're gonna beg me for it—"

He's there, but he's not—he's floating, halfway to limp in Billy's arms when Billy thrusts a final time, groans, and finally eases up on the pressure, cock twitching inside Steve. Steve bends over the counter, gasping for air, endorphins and adrenaline and sheer primal *relief* pouring through him, leaving him lighter than air, giddy. Billy's fingers flex over his hip, like he's tugging Steve down, like Steve's an errant balloon—the mental image almost makes him giggle between gulps of air.

Billy leans over him, a posture that might be aggressive if he wasn't slumped forward. Wasn't leaning heavily on one hand, chest heaving against Steve's back. "Sometime—you're gonna tell me—what the fuck is up with this town." His voice is insistent, despite the way the words slip up, slide against each other as he says them.

Steve laughs—pollen-rough and dust-choked chuckles between sobbing breaths. Feels his feet touch down, treacherous earth beneath him once more. Straightening, he meets Billy's eyes in the mirror, gives him a half-feral grin.

"Sometime, you're gonna ask me to fuck you first."



### 3. the neon light's on me tonight

#### Summary for the Chapter:

*Fast cars. Cigarettes. Pretty rich boys. Billy always seems to love the things that could destroy him.*

#### Notes for the Chapter:

here I am, back on this bullshit again. it's like y'all's enthusiasm is addictive, or something. <3

And yes, three chapters means [it's playlist time](#).

(Thanks as always to [anarchist-billy](#) for being the best beta. <3)

The January nighttime air is a shock, whiskey vapors and cigarette smoke and beer fumes cleared from Billy's lungs in one bracing breath. Something about the cold is soothingly familiar—it mirrors the gnawing emptiness deep in his gut, soothes the constant itch beneath his skin. He takes another lungful, can practically feel the ice crystals forming inside his lungs.

Billy's not drunk, not really—though not for lack of trying. He shotgunned each beer and downed every shot somebody bought him, but the buzzing is still there, energy scrabbling in circles like the lyrics of that Ratt song playing on the bar's jukebox. Between that and the icy fingers that creep under his collar and inside the corners of his leather jacket, what little comforting haze had dropped between him and the world is cleared away within moments.

Still. It'll be better soon enough. He struts out the door, boots crunching on the gravel, gives an extra little swing to his hips for the sake of the man following him. The weather is the perfect excuse for a quickie—it's too goddamn cold even to stay out for a cigarette. No names, no awkward small talk. Just long enough to get off in the almost-dark beneath the bar's window signs. Long enough to feel gravel beneath his knees, to taste bitter salt at the back of his throat. Long enough to quench the restlessness that vibrates through him,

long enough to find his center, to keep up his front of self-preservation—

A pair of headlights clicks on, flooding the darkened space between the lot and the roadhouse where they're standing. Billy mutters a curse and throws up a hand to shield his eyes, wondering what kind of clueless asshole—and then something clicks in his mind as the door opens. Even before the figure emerges, even before it stands silhouetted in its Members Only jacket (in *this* weather?) and that ridiculous hair and that fucking nailed baseball bat—well, Billy knows who it has to be. Knows what he has to say.

“Am I dreaming or is that you, Harrington?”

But Steve doesn't do the expected thing. Doesn't give the reply that by now might as well be their secret code for *come kick my ass, or pound it, could go either way*. Instead, he walks towards Billy, knuckles tight around the grip of the bat.

“Who the hell is this?” The question could've come from either of them—Steve, standing in front of him, or the nameless man behind him—a little taller, maybe, a little older, a little less hair product. But the slightly-nasal tenor is the same, the fancy clothes, the flicker of assessing glance. Like they only make one model of closeted queer in Indiana. Or maybe it's just the only one Billy likes.

Fast cars. Cigarettes. Pretty rich boys. Billy always seems to love the things that could destroy him.

“Aw, that's sweet,” the man behind Billy says—Billy's fairly sure it's him this time, can practically feel the disdain emanating from behind him as the man looks over Steve. “Your boyfriend drove all the way out here to defend your honor?”

“He ain't my boyfriend.” He isn't, not even sort of—Harrington's been avoiding him, after their last encounter, and for the sake of his own safety Billy had decided to take the hint. He takes a step forward, grabs Steve by the lapels, gives him a shove. “What the fuck are you doing here?”

Steve returns the favor, shoves Billy back. “I need your help,

jackass,” he says. He tilts his chin up and to the right, moving his gaze over to Billy’s companion. “You realize he isn’t even eighteen?”

Billy’s punch lands right on Steve’s jaw. It’s a bolt from the blue—no windup, no warning, just a swing and a connection, hard enough that Steve stumbles back. Billy turns, already pasting on his most charming smile, opens his mouth, ready to spin some shit to repair the damage—

It’s too late. The guy has his hands up, is backing away. “Thanks, but no thanks. This is way too much drama for me.” And with that he’s turning, going back—hair metal guitar solo spilling out briefly as the door opens, then shuts, leaving them out in the cold.

Billy stands for a moment. Savors the heat that fills him—something like anger, something like lust, something completely different from both—whatever, it’s enough to drown out the buzzing, to give the scrabbling energy a much-needed outlet. He turns back, smile still in place, eyes bright with coiled menace.

“God, Hargrove. You’re such an asshole.” Steve’s standing by the car, holding a hand to his jaw, split lip oozing blood; the nail bat leans against the bumper next to him.

“Born and bred, baby.” Billy watches Steve, waits to see which way this is gonna fall. If he knows what’s good for him, he’ll get in his car and drive right the hell away. If he cares what’s good for Billy, he’ll man up and throw a punch in return—but he doesn’t, of course he doesn’t, because when has Steve Harrington ever been smart? He only straightens. Sneers a little.

“Look, do you want to help the kids out or not? We could use some backup on this.”

“Oh, is that what’s going on?” Billy can’t keep the sarcasm out of his voice—of all the pathetic, weak-ass excuses for his erstwhile hookup to cockblock him at the one fucking homo bar in the county—he stalks towards Steve. “You drop me like a hot potato, not so much as a Christmas card, then one day you just decide to ruin my night because something came along that your little midnight chess club couldn’t handle?”

Billy waits for the sidewise slide of the eyes, the backing down, the slinking away—all the shit Steve’s been pulling on him since November, that leaves Billy fuming. But something tonight is changed, charged; Steve’s eyes narrow, and something in his eyes looks—*delighted*, almost. As if he’s missed this fire as much as Billy has, as if the pit yawns in his gut the same way it does in Billy’s.

Billy feels his heartbeat kick up a notch, feels the buzzing under his skin tune itself, become a humming, harmonizing with whatever electricity always seems to fill the space between them. A power chord, the fifth to Steve’s tonic.

Oh fuck yes. The King is out to play tonight.

“You wanted to know what’s going on in this town.” Steve’s hands find Billy’s hips, fingers curling in his belt loops. “Now’s your chance, Hargrove. If you’re not too chicken.” He gives a sort of half-smile, pulls him forward, pulls their crotches flush against each other, and goddamn if Steve isn’t halfway hard and getting harder. Goddamn if Billy isn’t right there with him. “Or would you rather just go at each other right here in the parking lot? Your call—”

*“ksssssh—eve, you there? Code re—ksssssh—can’t find—over—”*

Steve doesn’t take his eyes from Billy, but something in his expression changes—goes from seductive to steely. He reaches back, grabs something from a belt clip—it’s one of those fucking walkie-talkies the kids are always using. He uses his teeth to raise the antenna, brings it to his mouth. “This is Steve. What’s your position?”

The static hisses, breaking up the words—they must be right at the edge of its range. *“ksssssh—odog—got Max—chasing—towards you—”*

Billy feels his heart give a jump, much less pleasantly this time. “What’s going on with Max?”

Steve steps back, his face grim. “I don’t know, but if Dustin didn’t get after me for not saying ‘over’, it’s bad.” He hits the button on the walkie. “Do not engage. Repeat, do not engage. I’m on my way.

Over and out.” A pause as he clips the walkie back on his belt, looks up to Billy’s face. “Look, I’ve got to go. I could use your help. But you should know.” His expression changes again, steel giving way to a—hollowness, almost. Hauntedness, at a depth Billy wouldn’t have credited him with even a few minutes ago. “Once you’re in, there’s no going back.”

He should be worried about Max. Billy can feel it, practically etched into his forebrain. Out of sheer self-preservation alone—if something’s happened to her, Neil will have his hide regardless of whether or not he was supposed to be watching out for her.

He should laugh this off. Billy can feel it, deep in his gut. The idea that this boy from podunk nowhere has something life-changing to show him is patently absurd. He should throw another punch, maybe two, rough Harrington up a little. Teach him not to mess with his personal life. It’d let the energy out another way—less satisfying, maybe, but just as sure.

Billy realizes he’s starting to shiver, deep against his bones—soon enough it’ll take over his whole body, leave him visibly trembling. Thinks, for a moment, about the heat that he and Steve always seem to bring out in each other. Remembers the way it roars through his veins, his muscles, drowning out everything, until the world is pure and breathless and beautiful—

“Just tell me one thing, Harrington.” He steps back, squares his shoulders. Squelches the shivers that’re threatening to work their way up his spine. “Whatever it is that we’re chasing—can we burn it?”

A smile slowly grows over Steve’s face. A *kingly* sort of smile. And Billy has to fight the sudden urge to drop to his knees right the fuck there in the parking lot.

Luckily, Steve moves. Grabs his bat, crosses to the trunk. Pops it. Reaches in, and pulls out something long—Billy only sees it in shadow until Steve tosses it to him, until he catches it by reflex, feels the uneven weight, sees the dinged red paint on the head. An axe.

“Get in,” Steve says, opening the driver’s side door. “We’re gonna

start ourselves a fire.”

## 4. if you want it, got to bleed for it, baby

### Summary for the Chapter:

*There's a gap opening up, a space between the two of them; it takes Steve a moment to notice the knuckles, tense on the steering wheel. Billy opens his mouth, says something; a moment later, the words unfurl in Steve's consciousness, time-delayed. "Like anyone gives a shit about what I want."*

*Steve laughs a little. "That's the first lesson of being king, Hargrove." He swallows, with some difficulty; his throat feels thick. "You're not there for you. Every fool who wants a favor, every damsel in distress, every asshole determined to get a piece of King Billy..." He trails off, seeing a crown amidst those golden curls in a bathroom mirror, set over heated blue eyes, lips parting in a look of mingled awe and desire—*

### Notes for the Chapter:

ngl, tax season is eating my face. but I couldn't go much longer without writing a little more smutty angst for these two. hope y'all enjoy.

[enjoy the playlist too.](#)

have I mentioned how amazing [anarchist-billy](#) is? thanks for betaing, love.

"Stay with me." Billy's voice is low, urgent, a lifeline. "Keep the pressure on."

Steve is there, in the passenger seat of the car, holding a wad of paper towels to the gash in his belly—and Steve *is* the car, too—he feels the warm gold-red glow of the bonfire, demodog corpses and dead vines disappearing into invisible smoke, fading all too quickly from the rear view mirror. The bass note of the BMW's V8 thrums deep in his chest, hurtling towards Hawkins at near-lethal speed. The

cool night air roars in his ears as Billy redlines it—he can feel Billy, too, the atavistic satisfaction of driving this amazing machine, of pressing it to its limits—

The fire disappears, and the outside world is nothing but a dark blur. No streetlights, no trees, nothing to indicate it even exists. Even their movement fades into a queer sense of unmotion, a bubble of existence floating in the endless void. The glow of the dashboard lights on Billy's expression, drawn and set. The rumble of the car, rearing to meet the challenge. The just-warm air blasting from the heater. Van Halen on the radio, staticky signal fading in and out over the road and wind noise. *I been to the edge, and there I stood and looked down—*

"We're nearly there. Harrington. Hold on a little longer."

Billy's lying through his teeth. Steve knows he's lying; he's driven this road any number of times since he got his license. Floored the gas, the same way Billy's doing now, felt his car eat up the thirty-eight miles of two-lane blacktop, straightaway snaking between forest and farmland. Rolled down the windows and whooped, Tommy in the passenger seat, Carol and whatever girl Steve was seeing that week in the back, all of them chasing the horizon at breakneck speeds. Not for jubilation, or anger, or any reason in particular; just...because they were bored. Because they *could*—because they were young and free and would live forever, would be friends forever —

"What's the rush?" Steve has to almost issue a conscious order to make himself smile, like he's giving his face instructions over a long-distance phone call. "I'm the King. They'll wait for me."

Billy doesn't look at him—can't, at the speeds he's driving—but his shoulders seem to loosen a fraction. "Guess that depends," he says, threadbare bravado thin at the edges. "You don't make it, there's only one king left. Makes my life awful easy."

Beer spilled down a bare chest. Red punch on a white blouse. *Bullshit*. Tea roses and spunk and sweat and blue eyes on his in the bathroom mirror. "Maybe it does," Steve says, trying not to let his words run together the way his thoughts are doing. "But that's not



what you want.”

There’s a gap opening up, a space between the two of them; it takes Steve a moment to notice the knuckles, tense on the steering wheel. Billy opens his mouth, says something; a moment later, the words unfurl in Steve’s consciousness, time-delayed. “Like anyone gives a shit about what I want.”

Steve laughs a little. “That’s the first lesson of being king, Hargrove.” He swallows, with some difficulty; his throat feels thick. “You’re not there for you. Every fool who wants a favor, every damsel in distress, every asshole determined to get a piece of King Billy...” He trails off, seeing a crown amidst those golden curls in a bathroom mirror, set over heated blue eyes, lips parting in a look of mingled awe and desire—

“Hey. Hey! Harrington!” Billy’s slapping at his face, one hand flapping ineffectually against his skin, just hard enough to force his consciousness to surface. Steve doesn’t particularly want to surface; there’s something looming there, not terror, but a shadow of it, a formless dread. Like the first time his parents had gone out of town, and he hadn’t been smart enough to put the breakables away before he threw the obligatory kegger. He’d spent three days waiting for his mother to return and discover one of her Hummel figurines missing, only to have her so preoccupied with his father’s latest fling that she’d left before noticing—

“Don’t you dare.” Billy’s voice is a growl, but there’s something beneath it that catches Steve’s unmoored attention. “Steve. Don’t you fucking *dare* die on me now. You ruined my night, you pulled me out here to chase down God knows what those rabid alien dog-things were, you’re going to pull through this and you’re going to give me a fucking explanation—”

Steve gives a small laugh, even though it hurts like a bitch. “I’m really fucked, aren’t I?”

Billy bites off his rant like a piece of taffy. “What?”

Steve issues the order to smile again, feels his face sort-of obey. “You called me Steve. It must be bad.”

“Not that bad,” Billy says, almost believable, as if he can change the state of the world through sheer stubborn insistence. “You’re gonna pull through this. You’ve got to. When the school hears about how I saved your ass? It’s gonna be a *riot*, Harrington.”

Steve could almost laugh again, but it hurts too much. With an effort, he diverts his reaction, reaches for bitterness instead, bile like he’s swallowing down in the back of his throat. The school. Graduation. The future. A dark unknown, filled with people whose eyes slide away from his, in respect or in contempt—“You’ve already had my ass. What do you care about the rest?” The gap between them is opening up again. Steve has a mental image for a moment of trying to leap that gap, of hanging in the air over it for a beautiful moment—wonders if people would see him then, shining golden before the inevitable plummet to the nothingness below—

But Billy’s voice is stubborn, penetrating. “Did you hit your head when that alien tackled you? Of course I want the rest. The way you swung that bat? Waded into that fight without a damn hitch?” Billy’s voice cracks a little, in disbelief, or in awe. “*That’s* King Steve. Not that namby-pamby asshole who haunts the hallways at school.”

And something in that voice pulls Steve towards the looming terror, away from the peaceful dark. He presses the paper towels harder to his gut, ignores the sharp pain this elicits. “Didn’t think you were looking for a king, Hargrove.”

A pause, brief and endless. Steve slips a little, tossed about in stormy waves, uncertain which way to the shore, uncertain which way is up  
—

Then Billy’s voice comes in, low and smoky, a beam from a lighthouse parting the dark. “I jerk off at night thinking about your lips on me.” Steve’s suddenly aware of his lips as they part slightly, but Billy’s continuing, words gushing from him like water from a burst pipe. “I haven’t bent you over your kitchen counter yet. Haven’t felt your cock twitch between my lips as you come down my throat—”

The words are gathering somewhere deep in Steve’s hips, insistent warmth, flickering but stubborn in the face of the terror. The words

fall into his mind, and he drops them without thought, uncaring, because who even cares at this point? “I want to fuck you in my bed.”

A breath sucked between teeth. A glance, briefly risked, at Steve’s face, as if gauging his seriousness. “You want it in a bed, pretty boy?”

“I want you. In my bed.” The paper towels are growing wet between his fingers. “Empty house. Nobody to hear us slam the headboard against the wall.” He presses a little harder; the lance of pain stabs through him, but the image in his mind is bright as he gives a half-wrecked gasp.

Billy seems to shudder at that gasp. “Hell yes,” he says, seeming to almost relax for a moment. “Gonna hear you good and proper as you come—”

“Gonna feel you under me when I do,” Steve says, words tumbling forward heedless, headlong. “Billy. You’re gonna feel me inside you as you shake apart. Gonna walk around the next day still feeling it, and I’m gonna watch you—”

“Fuck—” Billy’s grip is white against the steering wheel now, fingers torqued tight. “Steve,” he says, his voice rough. “Promise me something.”

“Sure.” The words are fading, growing further away, but Steve struggles, holds his head up. Tries to read Billy’s expression, the hesitation in his voice. “If I can.”

“Next time we see each other, it’s just you.” Billy licks his lips. “Just you and me. No kids, no party, no—nothing. We’ll tear the phone out of the wall if we have to. Just...just us.”

Steve reaches for a careless smile. Ignores the sudden empty fluttering in his chest. Isn’t certain if he manages either. “Gotta settle up who’s king for good and all, huh?”

“Yeah.” Billy settles back into the seat, though tension still thrums through his body with the engine. Overhead, the first of the

streetlights flashes by, briefly illuminating his face, determined, desperate. “Yeah, something like that.”

**Author's Note:**

I'm a writer, it's 2020 2021, we're all craving interaction. Leave a comment or come yell with me on [tumblr](#)!